

Safety IV

by Jadzia

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Safety IV

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Homepage: *Safety I - III* can be found at
<http://members.theglobe.com/RatboyX>

Summary: Mulder decides he has to go and search for Alex...

Author's Notes: Hugs and kisses to Aries for beta. Big thanks to Laura whose encouragement made me write this...you see what feedback can do, folks! *G*

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It took me weeks to do this. Three, to be exact.

To track him down.

He wanted me to, I think. Otherwise I wouldn't have been able to find him all on my own.

I think I was right, he *can* read me.

He hid well enough not to be found by anyone else but left exactly the traces I needed to hunt him down.

If I wanted to.

Well, I did, apparently.

I'm glad I didn't find him earlier.

Not because I wouldn't have wanted to see him. I did. But, if I had found him earlier, others would have been able to, too.

It would have meant that he **wanted** others to find him first.

I'm relieved it isn't **that** bad.

I was afraid it would be, he seemed so sad this night three weeks ago. I replayed the scene in my mind so many times, and every time it becomes clearer how hurt he was.

How exhausted.

God, his eyes were so **sad**, I was scared I wouldn't find him in time. I have been working night and day for the last two weeks, not more than three or four hours sleep a night, and his eyes haunted me all the time.

So now I'm standing in front of his motel room.

For the last fifteen minutes or so.

Now, knock already, would you?

Shit.

Can't.

That's crazy.

I'm afraid.

I'm downright **scared**, dammit.

What if I can't do it?

What if I go in there, and all this shit comes up again?

Sometimes I just **hate** him. All the things he has done, all the people he has killed. I'm afraid I lose it when I actually see him again. So many times these last few weeks I asked myself why for heaven's sake I was doing what I was doing.

And just when I was at the verge of throwing it all away, I even thought about giving the information I got so far to Skinner so he could decide what to do with him - and then **wham** as if on clue, my mind is full of his eyes, hunted glance, deep green futility all over.

Just great.

So, what if he doesn't want to see me in the first place?

What if he doesn't want to be saved by Spooky Mulder?

Shit, I just don't know.

He fills my every waking thought since three weeks, and I know it won't get any better.

I *can't* just leave.

I have to see him.

Have to see his eyes again.

So, *knock*, dammit.

Coward.

Just do it.

***** END PART1 *****

I raise my hand, I swear I'm just a few centimeters away.

And suddenly he's there.

Opens the door just a slit and he's there.

Not moving.

Not talking.

Just staring.

Shit, he's looking bad.

Even worse than last time. Fifteen - pounds - less - worse I see as he opens the door just a tad more.

I don't have too much time to notice anything else, though.

I'm already drowning in his eyes just as I know I would.

It's worse.

Everything's worse.

I don't know if I can ever make it right again, but I'll be damned if I don't even try.

He's still not speaking, just staring.

It takes me a few seconds more to realize that I'm doing the same.

Staring.

Not speaking.

I should, though.

I mean, I'm here in the middle of the night in front of his motel room - so I guess I'm the one who has to explain first.

C'mon.

Say something.

Get a grip, Mulder.

He turns and goes back inside. Leaves the door open.

I'm still staring.

Wondering what to do.

What he wants me to do.

Clever, Mulder. He left the door open, didn't he? Maybe you could just walk in since you didn't even manage to knock.

Isn't difficult.

Right foot, left foot, you know the concept.

I actually move, tentatively, until I'm inside.

He's looking out of the window, his back to me.

I close the door.

I should say something, shouldn't I?

"How did you know I was there?" My voice sounds scratchy. Intelligent thing to say, anyway.

He answers so softly I can hardly hear him. "If I didn't, I'd be long dead. You have to be a light sleeper in my job."

He sounds so *wary*.

I almost wish he'd be his normal cocky self, just to know he's okay.

But he isn't.

I don't know what to do.

What to say.

So I wait.

I don't know how long we stand there, I'm afraid to move. Afraid to do something or say something that ticks him off.

So I'm just standing there.

Looking at him.

Trying to creep into his thoughts.

Talk to me.

Please.

I need you to.

Tell me you wanted me to come.

I must have at least a little talent, because he turns. He goes to the bed and sits down, because it's one of these cheap motel - rooms where you don't have anything else to sit on.

I can see his eyes now.

I focus on them just like I've done the last three weeks, and they're telling me everything.

Like I knew they would.

His desperateness, hopelessness floods through me, scares me, suffocates me, and suddenly I know with a clarity I've never felt before that I have to get through to him or we'll both be lost.

Forever.

I feel that he's standing above the abyss, so close to fall, needing someone to hold him back, someone to tell him it's worth it to step back.

It's hard, I know.

I know because I know this abyss perfectly well, it's my own.

Only that I am a few steps behind him.

Lucky me.

But I'll have to get close to it again to get close to him.

It's easy to stumble.

It's even easier to fall.

And I don't know if he could catch me, I don't know if he wants to.

Because when you're at this point, you don't care about a single thing anymore.

I know.

Only too well.

But I have to.

So I take the few steps, sit down beside him, look down with him into

the depth.

He turns and sees me, wonders what I'm doing here.

He asks me, faintly, "Why are you here?"

I swear, I swear I know the exact words to answer this very question, I remember having thought it over and over a million times, putting the words together in a hundred different ways, angry, hurt, exasperated, loving - and they're gone.

Now I'm looking in his eyes, and they're gone.

Everything's gone.

Nothing else matters but him.

He's hurt.

Tired.

There's no power behind this dull dark green, no anger, just hopelessness.

Fatigue.

Hurt.

He's so sad it breaks my heart.

And in this very moment, I want nothing more than to be enough for him.

To bring him back.

Save him.

Love him.

He's still looking at me, and I know I will. If it's the last thing I do. Because if I can't, there will be nothing else for me to do.

When he's gone, I'm gone.

I try to tell him, but I don't know how.

I don't have the words.

I take his hand.

He looks at me, startled. The veil above his eyes lift, and that alone is worth it.

That little spark.

That little shimmer that takes us both a step back, out of immediate danger.

I interlace our fingers.

I hold him, and he holds me.

He looks at our hands and his lips twitch a little, a promise of a smile.

I look at our hands, too.

They look good together.

They fit.

***** THE END ***** by Jadzia, 10./11.02.99

End
file.